MOTHERLESS ELLEN;

OR THE

ORPHAN CHILDREN:

WITH

THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SABBATH SCHOOL SCENES."

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED AT JAMES LORING'S

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOK-STORE,

132 Washington-Street.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

Eleanor Cushing.

Present,

From Sister Elizabeth.

October 12th. 1840.

Very early was the little Ellen taught to kneel by her mother's side, and repeat the Lord's Prayer; and frequently did her mother talk to her about the goodness of her heavenly Father. The child was the delighted plaything of her father in all his moments of leisure.—Page 11.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

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"Motherless Ellen; or the Orphan Children: with their Correspondence. By the Author of Sabbath School Scenes."

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JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

MOTHERLESS ELLEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die."

Those of my young readers who have become acquainted with Henry Selwyn, from reading "Sabbath School Scenes," may like to know more about him, and be pleased to meet him at his own home in the endeared circle of his parents, brother, and sisters.

Mr. Selwyn was a merchant, actively engaged in the duties of his profession, and not less active in all the duties of the Christian life. He

exemplified the precept, "Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

His family consisted of an amiable wife, four daughters, and two sons. Mr. Selwyn had constantly and faithfully instructed his family in the duties of religion, and had the happiness, at the time of which I am writing, to hope that all his children had become truly pious. Even little Frances, the youngest, gave pleasing evidence of being a lamb of the Redeemer's flock.

Samuel, the eldest son, was now sixteen; and having finished his studies, had been for several months employed in his father's counting-room. Julia, two years older, had also left school, and was the companion and assistant of her mother. Catharine who was next to Samuel, and Henry who was several years younger, together with Harriet and Frances, aged nine and seven years, attended day-schools in the neighbourhood.

This happy family circle was to be increased in a few days by the arrival

of two visitors, the orphan children of Mrs. Selwyn's beloved brother. On his death, which had recently taken place, these children were placed under the guardianship of Mr. Selwyn, with directions in their father's will that they should be continued at the boarding school where he had placed them, and pass the vacations in their uncle's family. The first holidays after the death of Mr. Melville were now approaching.

Ellen Melville was about the age of Catharine Selwyn. Her disposition was amiable; but losing her mother when very young, and being deprived of all pious instruction, her religious principles were unfixed, and her heart yet a stranger to the peace and happiness of her cousins. Her brother Charles was younger. He had loved his father tenderly, and wept at his death; he loved his sister ardently, and he was prepared to love his uncle, aunt, and cousins, most of whom he had never seen; but he had no heart to love the God who made him, the Saviour who died for the

guilty. He had never been taught that this was his duty, yet he was inexcuseable; for he had read the Bible some, he might have read it more, and have learned his duty there, though no earthly friend had told him what it was.

And here I would stop to say a word to those of my young readers who may be in a similar situation. Should any of you, my dear children, have no pious parents to teach you the way to heaven, think not that the neglect of those who have the care of your education will excuse you. Go to your Bible to learn the will of God, while with earnest, persevering prayer you entreat him to give you grace to do it. So shall the want of parental instruction be richly made up by the teachings of that Spirit who leadeth into all truth. When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.

Some farther account of the Orphans and of their deceased parents is given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORPHANS.

"One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love."

NEWTON.

Mrs. Melville, the mother of Charles and Ellen, was the daughter of a clergyman who spared no pains in the education of this, his only child; nor were his unremitted exertions for her improvement in vain; for at the age of twenty, she was an amiable, intelligent, and truly pious young lady. About this time, her only earthly guide and protector, her beloved father, was removed. Her mother had died several years before. Left without parents, without a brother, or any near relative, and destitute of property, Miss Enfield became dependent for a season on the kindness of some of her

father's parishioners, who pressed her very warmly, to make their houses by turns her home. It was her intention to teach a school, but ill health for several months prevented. During this time she became acquainted with Mr. Melville, who was a nephew to the gentleman at whose house she was then staying. His gentlemanly manners, amiable disposition, and apparent seriousness, so far won upon her affections, that without inquiring very closely into his religious character, she became his wife; but had not been long in her new situation, before she saw reason to regret that she had not sought piety as the first and most indispensable qualification in a partner for life. Mr. Melville was kind and affectionate towards herself, and what the world calls honourable, in all his conduct; but he did not live with supreme reference to the will of God. No family altar was erected in his dwelling; and though, at the earnest request of his wife, he consented for a season, to read the Scriptures morning and evening, even this was soon

given up. Accustomed as she had been from infancy to all the privileges of a pious family, to be deprived of the benefit of social worship was a heavy affliction to Mrs. Melville. Humbly and respectfully, yet earnestly, did she urge the important subject of religion upon her husband's attention; but finding that all her endeavours were ineffectual, and that he did not like to have her say any thing on this subject, she tried by the silent eloquence of a Christian life, to win him to the truth; while in secret, she prayed with many tears, that this dear friend might become a truly Christian companion.

Mrs. Melville's health had always been delicate, and after the birth of Ellen became increasingly so. This confined her much to the house, and frequently to her chamber, where it was her delightful employment to perform the sweet offices of maternal love, and as her child became older, to impart such instruction as her infant mind was capable of receiving. Very early was the little Ellen taught

to kneel by her mother's side, and repeat the Lord's prayer; and frequently did her mother talk to her about the goodness of her heavenly Father. The child was the delighted plaything of her father in all his moments of leisure; but from her mother she received all her lessons of moral and religious instruction.

Mrs. Melville's health continued to decline: and when Ellen was scarcely three years old, and Charles only a few months, her physician tenderly but plainly told her he could do no more. To part with her children was a hard trial to the affectionate mother; to leave them exposed to all the trials which awaited them, without one pious friend to warn them of their danger, was almost too much for her fortitude to sustain; but after a season of severe conflict, she was enabled to say, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done;" and to leave them cheerfully to His care, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." A few hours before her death, she obtained

a promise from Mr. Melville, that if he should be taken from them while they were yet young, he would consign them to the guardianship of Mr. Selwyn, the husband of his sister. Mrs. Melville had had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with these excellent people, but had seen enough of their religious character, to feel assured, that if placed with them, her children's best interests would be taken care of.

The children were brought to her just before her death, and the last words she was heard to utter were those of prayer for these dear objects of her affection. The nurse, who had the care of the infant, heard her say in broken whispers—"O thou compassionate Redeemer, who hast been the guide of my youth, and who art with me now when I am passing through the dark valley, be the protector of these little ones! Saviour, I commend them to thee; O, take them among the lambs of thy flock!" Here her voice failed, and her eyes closed in the sleep of death.

Mr. Melville's grief was sincere, and for a season bitter: but affliction was not the happy means of leading him to repentance. He relied on the external morality of his conduct, trusted in himself that he was righteous, and rejected the offered assistance of the Holy Spirit. And when time had in some degree alleviated his sorrow, he returned to his usual employments of business and pleasure; and though he could not forget his amiable and affectionate companion, he thought not of the hand that smote him—the hand of that Being who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

After the death of Mrs. Melville, a widowed sister of Mr. Melville took charge of his house. This lady resembled her brother in character, much more than she did their other sister, Mrs. Selwyn. She proved a kind and affectionate friend to the bereaved little ones, so far as their temporal interests were concerned; but from her lips were never heard the lessons of piety, which the little Ellen had

been in the habit of receiving from her own beloved mamma.

The children continued under the care of their aunt until about a year before their father's death, when on occasion of his forming a second marriage, Mr. Melville placed them at respectable boarding schools. Here they continued, only going home during the vacations, till they were sent for on account of their father's illness, which proved short and fatal.

On the death of their father, Ellen and her brother returned to their respective schools; and, though they had met but once since, their frequent and affectionate correspondence tended to cherish and increase the attachment which they felt for each other. Both looked forward with pleasure to the spring vacation, when they were to meet at their uncle's.

But, while thus nearly united by the ties of relationship and affection, they were very different in disposition and character, except as they

were both equally regardless of their duty to God.

Young as Ellen was at her mother's death, she had never forgotten her; and though the serious impressions which her parent's pious instructions made on her infant mind, appeared to be wholly effaced, yet there were moments when she felt very sad, as she recollected the time when her mother used to teach her to pray, and talk to her about a Father in heaven. It was, perhaps, owing to these early recollections, that Ellen was pensive and thoughtful, while Charles was gay, careless, and unreflecting. Ellen not only thought with sadness of the past, but looked forward with apprehension to the future. She felt the sorrows of life keenly, and knew by painful experience, what it was to be an orphan and among strangers. Had she known of a Father in heaven, and loved to pray to him, and leave all her sorrows with him, and trust in his care, and rejoice in his love,

how happy would the disconsolate Ellen have been!

The day preceding that on which the children were to leave school, Ellen sat with a companion at the window of their room. The heart of Anna, Ellen's friend, was gay with joy, as she said, "To-morrow will soon be here, and then I shall see my dear parents, and brothers, and sisters. O, how impatient I shall be, to reach the end of my journey!"

Ellen made no reply, but sighed while her eyes filled with tears.

"What is the matter with you, Ellen?" said her lively companion; "shall not you be glad to see your friends?"

"Yes, Anna, but I have only one beloved friend to meet. My uncle and aunt, I do not doubt, are good and kind, but they are almost strangers; and my cousins I have never seen. I have no parents, like you, and I weep when I think of your happy meeting with so many dear friends, and especially with your

beloved parents, while mine are in the silent grave !"

Anna threw her arms round her friend, and said, "Forgive me, Ellen; I did not mean to grieve you. I wish you would go home with me. My dear parents, I am sure, would love you as a child." Touched by the kindness of her friend, Ellen became less sad; yet it was with a heavy heart, the following morning, that she witnessed the unbounded joy of her young companions, as they talked of returning to their happy homes.

And here I would remark, that children, whose parents are spared to them, cannot be too thankful. But if any of their little companions are orphans, they should feel for them, and be careful not to say any thing that will add to their grief.

CHAPTER III.

MEETING WITH FRIENDS.

"How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in their proper station move!
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love."

WATTS.

Mr. Selwyn sent his chaise and servant for Ellen, business preventing him from coming himself, while Charles was to travel in the stage.

The day was fine, and the country over which they passed delightful. Nature was clad in her loveliest attire; but poor Ellen, who had not yet learned "To look through nature up to nature's God," grew more sad as she contemplated the beautiful prospects before her; she could not say, "My Father made them all."

Towards the close of a long, and, as Ellen thought, a tedious day,

they reached the city of B——. The family of Mr. Selwyn resided in a beautiful village, a few miles beyond. Her uncle met her in the city, and welcomed her with the affection of a father. Having closed the business of the day, he took a seat with her in the chaise, and tried, during their short ride, to cheer her drooping spirits. "Your aunt and cousins, my dear Ellen," he said, "are by this time anxiously expecting you, and I should not be surprised to find Charles already arrived. I trust that the few weeks you remain with us will be mutually pleasant. Nothing shall be wanting on our part, to supply, as far as we can, the place of the dear parents you have lost; and my children are already prepared to love you as a sister."

Ellen's thanks were interrupted by her tears, and the chaise stopped at a house distinguished by its neat simplicity, while a lovely group of children and youth were already at the door. The foremost of these

was Charles. For a moment, the orphans wept in each other's arms. On becoming a little composed, Ellen was introduced by Mr. Selwyn to his children, and then pressed to the maternal bosom of her aunt. Their kindness quite overpowered her, and she felt, that, though an orphan, she was not destitute of friends.

Tea was immediately prepared; and Ellen, though still sad, began to get a little acquainted with her young cousins. Harriet and Frances tried every means in their power to interest her; and, as she was fond of children, they soon succeeded.

It was Saturday evening; and at an early hour, the family, including the domestics, were assembled in the parlour. Julia placed a Bible on the table by which her father was sitting. In Mr. Selwyn's family, singing a hymn was invariably a part of their morning and evening devotions. His children all possessed fine voices, which he had taken

much pains to cultivate, that they might be able to unite vocally in this delightful part of worship. He commenced the solemn services of this evening, by reading the following Hymn, which nearly all present united in singing.

And now another week has past,
That goodness we adore,
Which has preserved our lives in peace,
And brought us to this hour.

As round thy mercy-seat we come,
With thankful spirits, Lord,
Wilt thou our evening worship hear,
And guide us by thy word?

We thank thee, that this night with joy
Kindred and friends we meet;
Wilt thou, dear Saviour, bless to each
This intercourse so sweet?

O, may thy Spirit free our souls
From sin's polluting stains,
Sprinkled with that atoning blood,
Which flow'd from Jesus' veins.

That, when in sleep our eyes shall close,
Peaceful may be our rest,—
And may thy holy Sabbath dawn
With welcome to each breast.

Mr. Selwyn then read a portion of scripture, making such remarks as he thought were necessary, in order that the youngest and most unlearned of his little auditory might understand it. Having closed the Bible, they all kneeled, while in a short and simple, but fervent and appropriate prayer, he addressed their Father in heaven.

To the visiters, this scene was new; neither of them had ever been present before, where family worship had been conducted in so spiritual a manner. The impression on Ellen's mind was deep. Short as her residence had been in this pious family, she was already convinced there was a reality in religion. The scenes of this evening forcibly reminded her of her infant days, when her mother used to pray with her, and talk, as her uncle had done, of the blessedness of those who early seek the Lord.

With Charles it was quite different. He felt serious for a few moments, but

had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, before he had forgotten all about it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELL-SPENT SABBATH.

"I love of all the things on earth,
The holy Sabbath's glorious light;
The transports of that day are worth
A thousand days of vain delight."

Fatigued with her journey, Ellen slept later than usual the next morning. Indeed, she had been accustomed to indulge in sleep longer on Sabbath mornings, than on any others in the week. But in her uncle's well-ordered family, where the Sabbath was esteemed a delight, the holy of the Lord and honourable, indolence was considered more inexcuseable on this, than on any other day.

Ellen was awakened by the bell's ringing for prayers. Supposing it was for breakfast, she hurried on her clothes, but was not quite dressed,

when a gentle tap was heard at her door. On opening it, little Frances appeared with a smiling countenance, and said, "Cousin Ellen, papa is waiting for prayers, and said I might call you now. I wanted to come a great while ago; but Julia said you were fatigued with riding, and that you would be down presently."

Ellen followed the little prattler down stairs, and apologized to her uncle for being so late, by saying that she was not aware of the time.

The family were already assembled. Mr. Selwyn commenced their morning worship with the following hymn:

Hail, blessed Sabbath, day of rest,
Holiest of our days, and best,
We welcome thy return:
If thy good Spirit, Lord, is near,
While in thy presence we appear,
With love our hearts shall burn.

Preserve us, Lord, through all this day
From ev'ry evil word and way;
For strength we look to Thee;
And while we pray and seek thy face,
Or read thy word, or sing thy praise,
May we thy glory see.

When to thy courts, with cheerful feet,
We go this day our God to meet,
May grace to each be given;
That, led by truth's unerring ray,
Our souls may learn that narrow way,
Which safe conducts to heaven.

Fearing that his visitors had not been taught to regard the Sabbath properly, Mr. Selwyn took occasion from the chapter he read, (12th of Matthew,) to state the privilege as well as duty of keeping holy the Christian Sabbath, and devoting it to purposes of religious instruction, and works of mercy. "This sacred day is given us," he said, "to devote in a special manner to the concerns of our souls; it furnishes a season of rest from worldly business; a season the most favourable for acquiring spiritual knowledge; for drawing near to the Lord, and receiving life from Him: and, while the duties of prayer, reading the Holy Scriptures, and meditating on the things which concern our eternal peace, should be neglected on no day, on the Sabbath they have a peculiar claim on our attention. And if we love our neigh-

bour as ourselves, we shall be desirous on this holy day, to promote the spiritual welfare of others. According to our ability, we shall seek to instruct the ignorant, to relieve the sick, to comfort the sorrowful; and, in short, to employ all our time on the Sabbath in such a manner as will best promote our own spiritual interest, and that of others. Would we estimate the character of any one's piety, we have only to inquire how the Sabbath is regarded by him; for I believe it is invariably true, that those Christians who live nearest to the Lord, most highly value, and most carefully improve, the privileges of this sacred day; while those persons who profane it, are equally certain to neglect the other duties of religion, and to live without any proper sense of God in the world."

The prayer was even more earnest and solemn than it had been the preceding evening. It spoke the language of a soul in deep communion with its Maker. Most affectionately did he commend these orphan children to Him, who has said, "Leave thy

fatherless children with me ; I will preserve them alive." Ellen wept as her uncle prayed, that during this visit, she and her brother might choose their heavenly Father to be the guide of their youth. When she rose from prayer, it was with a heart better prepared for the sacred services of the day, than it had ever before been ; for the still small voice of the Spirit was striving with her, and beginning that work which was to prepare her for an eternity of happiness.

Soon after breakfast, Ellen was surprised to see her cousins come into the room, as if prepared for a walk.

"Do you go to church so early?" she said to Catharine.

"No, my dear Ellen ; but we go to the Sabbath School ; some as teachers, and the rest as scholars. We do not often have visiters, or I should ask you to go with us ; but if you would like to go this afternoon, I will try to obtain permission from the Superintendent."

"I should like it very much, if it will not be an intrusion," was the re-

ply ; "but do not let me detain you, your sisters are waiting."

"Well, good morning, we shall meet you at church."

At this moment Charles came to his sister, to say that he was going to the Sabbath School with Henry. "I do not care much about it," he added, "but there is no getting clear of Henry."

"Catharine just told me," Ellen replied, "that it was not customary to admit visiters without leave from the Superintendent."

"But I am to go," said Charles, "as a scholar. You know we are to be here our Sabbaths, and to come again in six months ; so Henry insists that it is right and proper for me to go, and my uncle favours the plan."

His sister made no objection, and the boys walked off.

After they had gone, Ellen inquired of her aunt more particularly about the school, and learned that nearly all the young people in the place attended either as teachers or scholars. It had

not been customary until lately for any who were as old as Catharine, to go as scholars; but a Bible class of young ladies, and another of lads from the ages of fourteen to eighteen, had been recently formed. Teachers of a superior character had been placed over these classes, who spared no pains to interest and benefit their beloved pupils, and who were all expected, in the course of a few years, to become teachers themselves. Indeed, when a class became destitute even now, it was here that the Superintendent obtained the readiest and best supply. Another excellent rule in this school was, that, when any teacher was necessarily absent, instead of providing a substitute, his or her class book was sent to the Superintendent, who from these advanced classes was always able to obtain a teacher better acquainted with the state of the school, than a stranger could possibly be.

Ellen was much interested in what her aunt told her about the school. After continuing silent a few moments, she said, "Charles is going as a schol-

ar; do you think, dear aunt, that I could be admitted in the same way, and be in the class with Catharine?"

"I dare say you could, my dear," replied her aunt. "Probably the young ladies, who compose this class, are farther advanced in religious studies than yourself; but Julia and Catharine will gladly help you, and your uncle will give any assistance in his power. When you leave school, and come to live with us constantly, we should rejoice, my dear girl, to have you qualified for a Sabbath School teacher; but you are aware that those who teach others religious truth, must themselves be taught by the Holy Spirit.

Ellen replied, "I do not expect to become a teacher, dear aunt, but I wish to learn to be as good and as happy as my cousins are. I am very ignorant on these subjects, and my uncle's prayer this morning convinced me that I am very wicked, and that, all my life, I have been living without God in the world." Ellen wept, and covered her face with her hands.

Her aunt gave her much excellent counsel, and then advised her to retire, and read the Scriptures, till it was time to prepare for church. "This holy book," she said, "my dear child, is able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ellen complied with her aunt's advice; but while the Bible appeared to her more interesting than it had ever done before, and deepened all her serious impressions, still, in reference to many of the passages she read, it was yet a sealed book; and, while she began to realize, in some measure, the necessity of divine teaching, she felt very sensibly that she needed that assistance, which Sabbath School instruction is so well calculated to supply, and she looked forward very anxiously to the privilege of attending school in the afternoon.

When the bell rang, Ellen accompanied her uncle and aunt to church. During the walk, Mr. Selwyn conversed with his niece more seriously than he had an opportunity of doing before.

Ellen felt solemn, but not happy, and when she entered the pew, and looked at the cheerful countenances of her cousins, glowing with health and happiness, the desire of her heart was to be like them. She felt that the loss of her dear parents would be comparatively light, if she could look with hope and confidence to a Father in heaven.

While occupied in these reflections, Mr. Orville, the minister of the parish, entered the church and ascended the desk. He was a preacher such as the poet has well described,

"————Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he fed
Might feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well became
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

The deep solemnity with which he read the scriptures, the fervency of his

prayer, and the persuasive and melting tenderness of his manner, as he read the hymn,

"Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,"—

prepared Ellen to listen with the most intense interest to his sermon. He took for his text the impressive words, "Wilt not thou from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"

Ellen's heart had been already softened by the scenes of the morning; and now she in vain endeavoured to restrain her tears; while Mr. Orville urged upon his youthful hearers the duty and the privilege of devoting the morning of their years to the service of their Creator.

When the exercises closed, though she took Catharine's arm, they walked in silence; for Ellen was unable to say any thing; and her cousin, who had observed her emotion, wished not to disturb it. When they reached the house, Ellen withdrew immediately to her chamber. The hour of retirement was not unprofitably spent. When

she returned to the family, she was no longer sad; and though feeling unworthy of the least mercy, she yet hoped that she had trusted in Him, who is the way, the truth, and the life; that she had chosen Him for the guide of her youth; and she relied on the promise, "him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

She looked at Charles very anxiously, to see if the sermon had made any impression on him; but from his lively countenance and careless manner, she could derive no evidence of what she wished.

Immediately after dinner, the family proceeded to church, and Ellen was again deeply interested in the sermon. The text was, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

In his sermon, Mr. Orville described the evidence of a change of heart, which is found in the text. He said that the circumstances under which this great change takes place, were very different; that, in some cases, a sudden and afflictive providence, and in others the still small voice of mercy,

was the means of recalling the wanderers in the paths of sin, and of leading them to think on their ways, and turn their feet unto the testimonies of the Lord. "In some," he continued, "seasons of deep and distressing anxiety, and followed by 'peace and joy in believing;' while others seem from the first to be drawn by the 'cords of love.' But all who have been truly born again, however their experience may vary in other respects, agree in this, that whereas they were once blind, now they see. They see that it is sin which has blinded them thus long; they see their need of a Saviour, and believe that the Lord Jesus Christ can alone give them light and life. To each of them, He becomes the chief among ten thousand, all their salvation, and all their desire."

From this sermon Ellen derived much instruction and comfort. She found increasing reason to hope, that, though till within a few hours, she had been spiritually blind, a ray of light was now dawning upon her soul.

After the services of the sanctuary

had closed, Ellen accompanied Catharine to the school, and was introduced to Mrs. Leavitt, her teacher. At noon she had mentioned her intention of becoming a scholar for the few weeks she staid, which Catharine heard with much joy; for, short as their acquaintance had been, with all the ardor of youthful minds, they already loved each other as sisters.

Ellen was much pleased with the school. She found all the exercises of the class interesting.

Mrs. Leavitt questioned her pupils very closely on every part of the lesson, and allowed them to ask her any questions which occurred to their minds. Several of the class gave evidence of decided piety, and others were thoughtful. It was pleasing to see so many, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, devoting their chief attention to the subject of religion, "seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and endeavouring to prepare themselves, or rather seeking preparation from above, for extensive usefulness. Though naturally silent

and diffident, assured by the kindness of Mrs. Leavit, Ellen ventured to ask several questions, to which the most encouraging answers were returned. One of the exercises of this class, was to bring passages from other parts of the Bible, which agreed with the lesson, or served in any way to illustrate it.

In his visits to the different classes, Mr. Morton, the superintendent, frequently stopped at Mrs. Leavit's, and conversed as much as his other duties would allow, with each member of the class separately. He regarded these youth as the present hope and future support of the school; and was anxious, by every means in his power, to aid them in becoming thoroughly furnished for the important office of teachers.

Mr. Morton noticed with pleasure the interesting and modest appearance of Miss Melville, and expressed his approbation of her wish to attend the school.

After giving out and explaining the lesson for the next Sabbath, the super-

intendent read a hymn, which closed the exercises.

As the cousins walked home, Ellen expressed the pleasure she had felt in attending the school, and said, "O, Catharine, how happy you are, to have all these privileges every Sabbath!"

Catharine. We are, indeed, highly favoured. My only cause for regret, is, that I do not improve these privileges better. Is there no Sabbath School where you live?

Ellen. I believe there is one in the place; but none of the scholars go from the academy. Until I came here, I thought such schools were only for the poorest children, such as have no opportunity of getting instruction in any other way.

Catharine. You think differently now.

Ellen. O, yes. Amongst all the privileges of my visit, (and I cannot value them sufficiently,) one of the greatest will be attending the Sabbath School. If I could stay with you and enjoy these privileges constantly, I think I should be quite happy. You

know not, Catharine, what a new world has opened upon me this day. I never thought seriously of my duty to God, until very recently. I never before felt that I was a sinner, and needed a change of heart.

Catharine. And what do you think now, Ellen?

Ellen. I cannot express half what I feel on these subjects, Catharine; but I do hope, though I am almost afraid to say so, that I have this day chosen the Lord as the "Guide of my youth," and that I begin to see, though very dimly, a little of my obligation, to live devoted to his service.

Catharine. Dear Ellen, how happy you make me by saying this; but you are not, I trust, depending on your own strength.

Ellen. O no. I must ever feel my dependence on the Lord for every right thought, and for ability to perform the smallest service which can be acceptable in His sight. I was taught this from your mother's conversation this morning, from reading the Scriptures, and from the sermons of your

minister. You know he said very plainly, we could do nothing but evil of ourselves, and I feel it to be so. But, O, how comforting it is, to be permitted to look to the Lord Jesus Christ for strength. Do you remember that delightful promise which Mr. Orville mentioned this morning: "He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom?"

Catharine. I have always thought it very beautiful; I suppose it means that, as the shepherd takes peculiar care of the young and tender lambs, so our compassionate Redeemer will take care of the young and feeble among his flock, granting them all that instruction and direction which they need.

By this time they had reached the house. Ellen again retired to her chamber, and was employed till tea time in reading the Bible, and praying for grace to understand and obey it.

It was Mr. Selwyn's custom, to devote Sabbath evening to the religious instruction of his family. Having as-

sembled them all around him, he used to begin by asking the youngest some questions respecting the sermon, a great part of which even little Frances was able to answer correctly. When the younger children, and those of the servants who were the most ignorant, had answered a few plain and simple questions, Mr. Selwyn conversed with the others on higher points of Christian doctrine and experience, making the whole of his instructions eminently practical. He asked Charles a few questions this evening about the sermons; but this careless boy had paid too little attention to the preaching, to be able to answer a single question correctly. He felt ashamed, and resolved to do better the next time. On questioning Ellen, her uncle was surprised and gratified to find that she had felt so deep an interest in the sermons, as to be able to answer readily any question that referred to them. He avoided making any particular inquiries at this time, as to the personal interest she felt in these subjects, as he knew her diffidence, and feared it

would be painful for her to answer before so many persons.

Samuel and Julia were accustomed at these seasons to mention any thing in the state of their classes that was peculiarly interesting, and to receive advice and instruction from their father respecting their duty as teachers.

Julia mentioned this evening that one of the girls in her class appeared very serious. Her eyes frequently filled with tears when the Superintendent was addressing the children; and though from extreme diffidence, unable to say much when she attempted to talk with her, she had hoped for several weeks, that the Holy Spirit was applying divine truth to the heart of this child. "I have mentioned her to Mr. Morton," she added, "and he has tried to converse with her; but her extreme bashfulness renders it difficult. What shall I do, dear papa, to give her confidence in me? How can I be most useful to her at this interesting season?"

"Your first and most important

duty, my dear child," replied Mr. Selwyn, "is to pray for her. You should constantly commend this dear lamb to the care of the good Shepherd. The interest you will then feel for her will communicate a tenderness and affection to your manner, which will insensibly gain her confidence. From the account you have given, this child seems to need encouragement; but while you are gentle, be faithful in your instructions. Tell her of the evil of sin; but when you see her weary and heavy laden with a sense of it, point her to that gracious Redeemer who invites such to come unto him, and promises them rest.

"How is your class, Samuel? Have you reason to hope that any of your boys are deriving spiritual benefit from the School?"

Samuel sighed as he said, "I do not see the evidence of it, Sir, that I wish. Their love of play seems to render serious instruction too frequently lost upon them; but I am encouraged by the promise, 'Cast thy bread

upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"There are many promises," said Mr. Selwyn, which should encourage you to patient continuance in well doing; but if there was not one promise of success, the command of your Lord, 'Feed my lambs,' and his gracious assurance, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' should be sufficient."

As the evening was now drawing to a close, Mr. Selwyn commenced family worship with the following Hymn:

A grateful tribute we would bring
Our Saviour and our God;
Our thankful hearts that grace would sing,
Which bought our souls with blood.

Blessings unnumber'd crown each hour,
Each day is mercy shown;
But chief, the Sabbath's glorious light,
Redeeming love makes known.

O, may the savor of this day
Thro' all the week remain,
That, when fatigued with toils and cares
Its influence may sustain.

And when the closing hour of life,
That solemn hour, shall come,
Our bodies, sunk in death's cold sleep,
Shall slumber in the tomb.

Then may our ransom'd spirits rise
On wings of faith and love,
To pass a Sabbath without end,
With all thy saints above.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The seed that finds a stoney soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The beaten path and highway side
Receives the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store,
The deep wrought furrows yield.

COWPER.

The next morning Ellen rose at an early hour. As she thought of that mercy, which on the preceding day

had led her to see her condition as a sinner, and to trust in the only Saviour, her heart filled with emotions of joy and thankfulness; and in her morning devotions, (for of her it might now be said, Behold she prayeth,) her earnest petition was, that her beloved brother might become a sharer in her joy.

After breakfast, Catharine and the younger children having gone to school, and Charles having accompanied his uncle and Samuel into the city, Ellen was left with Julia, her aunt being engaged.

While the cousins were employed with their needles, the following conversation took place.

Julia. I am pleased to find, dear Ellen, that you have become a member of our Sabbath School.

Ellen. I esteem it a great privilege; but it grieves me to think how very soon I must resign it.

Julia. Only for a few months at a time. Eight Sabbaths of every year you will be with us; and in two years, if life is spared, you will reside here

constantly. In that time, I hope Catharine will be prepared to become a teacher; but as you, my dear Ellen, will have fewer opportunities of gaining instruction, you will be content, I suppose, to remain a scholar some time longer.

Ellen. I would gladly attend as a scholar for ten years, if in that time I could be qualified for a teacher. But I am so ignorant on religious subjects, I fear I shall never be prepared to teach others. I am afraid too, that after I leave you, I shall lose the interest I now feel in these subjects, and return to my former carelessness and stupidity.

Julia. You will, my dear, most assuredly, if you are trusting in your own strength; but there is One, whose grace is sufficient. Trust in him, and you will be safe, in whatever scenes of temptation you may be placed. I have learned with much pleasure from Catharine, the change that has taken place in your feelings since you came here; and I trust, my dear cousin, that he, who has begun a good work

in you, will carry it on unto perfection. My parents are much better able to counsel you than I am; but, be assured, my dear cousin, of the affectionate interest we all take in you: and when you leave us, our constant prayer will be, that the good Shepherd may guide you in the right way. But you need not talk about leaving us yet; the vacation has but just commenced.

In conversation like this, the morning quickly passed. The little time Catharine and the other girls were at home at noon, was devoted to their lessons; and, as Mr. Selwyn and his eldest son usually dined in town, Charles was not expected till evening.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Selwyn sat with the girls, and by her pious and judicious conversation, did much to encourage her niece in the right way.

There was in this lady a happy union of qualities that are not always found together. She was serious, but never morose; that cheerfulness which proceeds from trust in the Lord, and submission to all the events of his

Providence, and which, unlike the gaiety of the irreligious, is independent of outward events, was constantly seen in her countenance, and heard in every word which she uttered. While her piety was of that deep and practical character which influences every action of the life, her manners were polished, and her taste highly refined. Though she sought not the praise of others, but acted with constant reference to that Being who looketh on the heart, yet her invariable kindness and attention to the wants of those around her, secured the esteem of all who were so happy as to know her. Attentive to every domestic duty, she yet found much time for visiting the sick, relieving the afflicted, and assisting in all those benevolent labours, which were proper for her sex.

When Catharine returned from school, she invited Ellen to walk with her in the garden. As soon as they were alone, she said, "Well, my dear cousin, have you been very lonesome to day?"

"O no," was the reply; "the day

has seemed very short, though I thought in the morning, when you and Charles both left me, I should feel rather sad. But I love Julia almost as well as I do you, and my aunt is indeed like a mother. How can I be thankful enough for such friends!"

Catharine's eyes filled with tears of gratitude at this affectionate encomium on her beloved mother and sister; but smiling, she replied, "If you do not love Julia more than you do me, I shall not be jealous; and if you do, I believe I must acknowledge the justness of your taste."

"I wish I could have one of you with me at school," said Ellen, "to tell me constantly what is right. What can I do when separated from you all?" Catharine looked very solemn, and said, "Ellen, do you believe that the Lord is every where present?" Ellen replied, "I am justly reproved. My heart leans too much on these dear earthly friends, so lately found, who have been the means of pointing me to a Saviour. But, indeed, my dear cousin, I am so ignorant of the

will of God and of the meaning of many parts of the Bible, that when I wish to do right, I fear I shall frequently mistake the path of duty, without some one to tell me what it is."

Catharine made no reply to these remarks, but leaving her cousin and turning towards the house, said, "I shall be back in a moment,"—and shortly returned with a Testament in her hand. Opening it at the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, she read from that and the two following chapters, those passages which relate to the coming of the Holy Spirit.

"Are not these promises sufficient, my dear Ellen," she said; "if the Comforter is with you, who guides into all truth, can you need any thing more? And if you ask how you shall obtain his blessed influences, the answer from the same holy book, is, Ask and it shall be given you; for our Lord has declared, that the Father is ready to give the Holy Spirit to all who ask him."

Harriet now came to the girls, to tell them tea was ready.

Ellen found Charles much delighted with his visit, but his mind was so full of the many gay things he had seen, that though she sought opportunity for serious conversation, none presented that evening.

In a manner similar to the one I have described, several days passed. Ellen frequently accompanied her aunt and Julia in their visits to the houses of the poor and afflicted.

Much of her time was devoted to reading the well chosen books which she found in her uncle's and cousin's libraries. Every day was thus adding to her useful knowledge, and rendering her more deeply interested in the welfare of her own soul and the souls of others. Her evenings were mostly devoted to walking with Catharine. They were sometimes accompanied by Julia and Samuel, and at others, by Charles and Henry, or the younger girls.

Mr. Morton, the Superintendent of

the Sabbath School, was a frequent visiter at Mr. Selwyn's. He regarded the parents with warm esteem; and towards the young people, all of whom had been his pupils in the school, he felt the affection of a father. Samuel and Julia he regarded as among the most promising of the younger teachers. In his visits, he sought every opportunity of conversing with them on the concerns of the school, and interesting them still more deeply in a work, which he considered second in importance, only, to that of the Gospel ministry.

Mr. Morton's profession was that of a lawyer. He was a man of superior talents, of extensive information, and what rendered him still more valuable and useful, of fervent and active piety. From his conversation, to which Ellen always listened with profound attention, she derived much benefit.

Mrs. Morton was a lady of delicate health, and seldom able to leave home; but Caroline, their only child, frequently accompanied her father in his

calls, and was often the companion of the girls in their walks.

The most assiduous culture had been bestowed by Mr. and Mrs. Morton on the mind and manners of this beloved daughter. But while they wished her to acquire those useful and ornamental branches of education which would fit her for discharging all the duties of this life, and for becoming a valuable, as well as lovely member of society, their chief care was to prepare her by the divine blessing, for a never ending state of existence. From infancy, she had been trained up in the way she should go; and parental faithfulness had not been in vain. At the early age of fifteen, she gave decisive evidence of piety, was a member of the visible church of Christ, and a zealous and useful teacher in the Sabbath School. This institution, which engaged so much of her father's care and attention, was an object of peculiar interest to Miss Morton.

Through her exertions, scarcely a habitation in the village was left unvisited, to ascertain if the children attend-

ed, or could be induced to attend the school. In her walks for exercise or pleasure, she seldom lost sight of this object.

During one of her excursions with Catharine and Ellen, having stopped to speak to some children on this favourite subject, Catharine laughingly called her a "Sabbath School Missionary;" but added, "while I laugh, dear Caroline, I almost envy you the privilege of doing so much good." "You need not envy," was the reply; "you may share the privilege. My solicitations, the first and second time, are frequently in vain. Now if you would make the same visits, either alone, or with Julia, perhaps we should sooner succeed. I shall never feel easy till every child in the village attends the school."

Catharine. I was rather afraid of taking the work out of your hands; for as you go every where, I should find no house which you had not visited. But I like the plan much, which you have proposed; and I shall have one advantage over both you and

Julia. As I am myself a scholar, I can invite others to become such, with a better grace than you, who are teachers, can.

Caroline. I have often felt this disadvantage; and when I have invited some almost as old as myself to attend, I have been afraid they would think I was assuming authority over them. But you know my class is composed of very small children, and my father devotes much of his attention to them, to make up for the deficiencies of their teacher.

Ellen. And can you find any employment for me, Miss Morton, when I come to reside in this happy village?

Caroline. Yes, my dear Miss Melville; we can find employment for as many as are disposed to do good. But cannot you do something where you now live?

Ellen. If my preceptress felt interested in Sabbath Schools, and would allow me to attend, perhaps I might. In our walks we frequently meet a number of poor children, who do not

look as if they enjoyed such instruction. Their language is sometimes dreadfully profane.

Caroline. If they could read, it would be a good plan to give them some tracts. We will furnish you with a supply when you return to school. At any rate, I think you will be able to devise some means of being useful, not only to your companions at the Academy, but to the poor children you mention. My father is acquainted with the Superintendent of that school. I have heard him speak very highly of Mr. Newhall; but regretted that he found it so difficult to obtain good teachers. Mr. Newhall told him his school was languishing for want of such assistance. That is the reason, probably, why so many poor children do not go. I have heard my father say, that when teachers are much engaged in duty, it is never difficult to obtain scholars, nor to keep them interested in the school.

To conversations like the above, the hours that Ellen spent with her young companions were generally de-

voted; and when Harriet and Frances were of the party, though lively and playful, they were never rude, but always ready to listen to the serious and instructive conversation of their seniors. Their questions and remarks were not unfrequently the means of suggesting some new train of thought, leading to new plans of usefulness.

While Ellen enjoyed these walks very much, she thought those evenings still pleasanter which were passed at home, when Mr. Morton and her uncle were conversing on subjects which were intended for the benefit of the young people.

Mr. Orville, the minister, was a neighbour of Mr. Selwyn, and frequently made one in these pleasant evening parties.

The second Sabbath which Ellen passed at her uncle's was rendered peculiarly interesting by the fact, that a number of persons were admitted to the church under Mr. Orville's care. Some of them were about Ellen's age, and two of them were her beloved cousins, Samuel and Catharine.

Though for several years their friends had considered them decidedly pious, and they had themselves indulged a trembling hope that they were the children of God, yet, their youth and other circumstances had hitherto prevented their making a profession. Julia had been for three years a member of the church.

After these young persons had entered into a solemn and public covenant to be the Lord's and had been received by the church, while they were yet standing, the following Hymn was sung:

"O happy day that fix'd my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

Tis done,—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me—and I follow'd on—
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast.

High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

Ellen witnessed this transaction with much interest, and listened to the Hymn with feelings scarcely less solemn than those with which it was sung. She hoped her choice was fixed on the same Saviour; and that during the next vacation, she should be permitted publicly to recognize the same covenant engagements.

Mr. Selwyn's remarks that evening, were peculiarly adapted to the circumstances of those of his children who had just made a public profession of their faith. It was not the less useful, however, to Ellen, who listened with fixed attention while her uncle dwelt on the obligations which young Christians are under to live wholly devoted to the service of their Redeemer. The Hymn selected for this evening was:

Father of all, before thy throne
We bow with thankful hearts, to own
That guardian care which safe defends,
That love which all our blessings sends.

This day, our Saviour and our God,
Thine earthly courts our feet have trod;
Have found a place within thine house,
And there have left our solemn vows.

O grant us strength those vows to keep,
Dear Shepherd of thy chosen sheep;
Dwell by thy grace in every heart,
And life and heavenly love impart.

Then, safe in danger's threatening hour,
Kept from temptation's fatal pow'r,
Our souls shall rest secure in Thee,
And to thy name all glory be.

Enjoying such advantages, and with a mind thirsting for information, and feelings deeply interested in the subject, it is not wonderful that Ellen acquired much religious knowledge during this visit. But, while it was her constant desire and daily endeavour, to turn all her knowledge to a practical account, she yet felt painfully sensible that her heart was not purified in the same degree in which her mind was enlightened. While her outward conduct daily became more amiable,

sin was increasingly odious to her; and she lamented in secret that so much of it yet mingled with all she did. Salvation from sin was what her heart panted after; and it was because he was such a Saviour, that the name of Jesus was so dear to her.

While Ellen was thus growing in knowledge and in grace, she felt increasingly anxious for her brother; and was pained to perceive no decisive evidence, that the religious privileges which he enjoyed in this excellent family were suitably improved.

Charles would be thoughtful and serious for a few moments, when his uncle or Samuel talked to him; and Henry's ardent entreaties, that he would now "remember his Creator," would sometimes melt him to tears; but these impressions were like "the morning cloud and early dew." His sister sought every opportunity of conversing with him, and he sometimes promised her that he would seriously attend to these things; but the next moment, some "trifle light as air," would engage his whole attention.

CHAPTER VI.

PLANS OF USEFULNESS.

"Blest is the man whose heart expands
At pity's melting call;
And the rich blessing of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

"Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love."

One evening as Ellen and Catharine were preparing for a walk with the younger girls, Miss Morton came in, and being invited to accompany them, cheerfully consented, though there seemed to be an expression of unusual perplexity on her countenance. Catharine having noticed it, said, "Are you well this evening, Caroline?"

"Quite well," was the reply, "but in some trouble. My father informed me yesterday that some Irish families had lately removed into the village; and, as they appeared to have a number of children, he thought it

would be well for some of the teachers to call on them. I came out last evening for the purpose of asking you to go with me and see them, but finding you from home, I went alone. In one family, I found seven children, and in another five, the third had only two. The parents are very ignorant, but seemed willing that their children should attend the school, if they had only suitable clothing; I told them any clothes that were whole and clean would answer; but when I came to see the children, I could not say I thought they ought to go in their present dress, which their mothers said was the best, and, indeed, all they had. They have not been in this country long, and were sick on the passage; they seem poorer and more wretched than any people I ever saw. My heart aches for them. I mentioned their situation to my father, and he says, if the men are sober and industrious, they will soon find employment; and, in the mean time, he will see that their families do not suffer

for food. "But the children, dear papa," I said, "how are they to obtain clothing? They must go to school." My father smiled, and said, 'I shall leave that with you, Caroline, and the other teachers. I think you will be able to devise some means of clothing them. Consult your friends Julia and Catharine; they will assist you in devising and executing some plan for their relief. So I have come, dear Catharine, to ask you what we can do. I cannot think of any plan which promises to be successful; and, as my mother has had a bad headache to-day, I did not like to trouble her about it."

After considering a moment, Catharine said, "How old are the children? Perhaps some of our old clothes, or those of Harriet and Frances, might answer, if they were of the same size."

"They are of all sizes," was the reply; "and from the ages of two to fourteen years. The youngest that could go to school is about five. I thought about asking your mother and

some other ladies, for their children's clothes; but they seem to need clothing of a firmer and coarser kind."

The younger children had been listening to this conversation with much interest. At last Harriet said, "Cannot we all give some money and buy them some new clothes? I have fifty cents, which papa gave me to do as I pleased with, and Frances has half as much; I am sure we should gladly give it, and you great girls could give more."

"Frances," said Catharine, "are you willing to give your money to buy something for these poor children, instead of purchasing a book for yourself, as you intended?"

"I had rather give it to them," was the reply; "and I will ask mamma to give some, and Julia." "Well, Caroline," said her friend, "what think you of this plan of Harriet's? Though three quarters of a dollar would not be much, yet, if we contribute in the same proportion, and can get a few of the teachers and larger scholars to unite with us, articles of clothing are

so cheap now, I think we might manage to supply their wants, at least for the present."

"I think it the best thing we can do," said Caroline; "but how shall we get the garments made? The work will cost more than the materials."

"Cannot you and Catharine and Julia make them, Miss Morton?" said little Frances, "cousin Ellen will help you,and Harriet and I can sew a little."

Caroline smiled at the little girl's earnestness, and said, "I believe we must try Frances. Do you think you could work a long afternoon without being tired?"

"If you or Catharine will show me how, I can work," replied the child.

Ellen, who had not before spoken, now said, "I am obliged to Frances for offering my services, and will most gladly assist you in any way I can. I shall hope to see these poor children prepared for school before I leave you."

"That will not be, I fear," said Caroline, "unless we can get more

assistance. Suppose, Catharine, if our parents are willing, we were to form a society for the purpose of clothing destitute children to attend the school; the active members to consist of as many of the teachers as choose to join, and those scholars whose parents approve it."

"I think it will do nicely," said Catharine, "and the elder ladies may assist us with donations of money or clothing. Let us return and propose it to Julia, and if she approves it, we can see some of the other girls this week, and have our first meeting next Saturday. I feel quite sure that our parents will not object. I suspect it was some such plan as this, your father was thinking of, when he said he would leave it with the teachers to provide for these destitute children."

Full of their new plan, the young ladies returned in high spirits to communicate it to Julia, who gave her cordial assent. Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn also approved it; and Samuel begged,

as he could not work, that they would receive a donation from him.

The next morning, Caroline, having obtained her father's approbation, and a promise of assistance from her mother, called on several of her young friends, who heard the proposal with much interest. On the following Saturday, quite a respectable number of young ladies assembled to commence their benevolent labours.

Their rules were few and simple; they agree to meet every Saturday afternoon; a box was to be placed on the table to receive the contributions of the members, and the occasional donations of friends. The money was to be at the disposal of a Committee consisting of the oldest and most judicious members of the society. When there were no children in the place who needed an immediate supply of clothing, the young ladies were to devote their attention to some work which they could sell, and thus increase their charitable fund. The meetings were to be opened and closed with reading the Scriptures; and,

while the others were at work, one was to be employed in reading to them from some of the Sabbath School periodicals.

The first afternoon they had so much business to attend to, that but little time was left for reading; they all worked very diligently, and were much pleased when they found that two children, at least, would be enabled to attend school the next Sabbath.

No one was more industrious than little Frances, though she was by far the youngest of the company. When she began to feel tired, she would think," what should I do, if I had no clothes to wear, and could not go to the Sabbath School?" and then her little fingers would be seen moving still faster, while her thankful countenance seemed to say, "How good the Lord is, to let me work for these poor children."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PARTING.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

FAWCETT.

In the manner described in the preceding chapters, the vacation speedily passed; and the time was fast approaching when the children were to leave their beloved friends, and return to school.

The Saturday evening previous to their departure, Ellen was sitting alone in her chamber, her feelings saddened at the thought of the approaching separation; when Harriet, having knocked at her door; and being bid to enter, said, "Cousin Ellen, I have been copying a Hymn which I thought you would like. Will you accept it as a parting gift from me? and shall we sing it together?"

Ellen complied with Harriet's request, and mingled her voice with the clear soft notes of the child, one of whose favourite employments it was to sing with "cousin Ellen."

The words of the Hymn were these:

Sweet is the hour of closing day
For meditation given,
When earth's gay scenes are far away,
And faith directs to heaven.

'Tis sweet, at this calm hour to dwell
On days long since gone by;
To think of friends the heart loves well,
While mem'ry wakes a sigh.

But, O, 'tis sweeter far to spend
This hour in silent prayer,
Pleading that each beloved friend
May be our Father's care.

'Tis sweet, ourselves and friends to leave,
Relying on his love,
While we his holy word believe
And hope still points above.

Thus, while we look for that blest day,
When faith shall turn to sight,
His truth and love shall cheer our way,
And guide our steps aright.

Each anxious thought is hush'd and still,
And all our sorrows cease;
Our hearts, submissive to his will,
Are fill'd with inward peace.

The sentiment expressed in these lines, tranquillized the feelings of Ellen, and banished the sadness which had oppressed them.

The last Sabbath which Ellen was to spend for the present in this happy family had already dawned. The prospect of approaching separation was painful; but every murmuring thought was silenced by the recollection of the distinguishing mercy which had attended her residence under her uncle's roof. A few weeks previous, and she was living "without God in the world;" now the language of her heart was, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison with Thee." Though pained at parting from her dear earthly friends, from her best friend she knew she could not be separated.

Mr. Orville was absent, which Ellen regretted, as she expected it would be several months before she should again hear him. A venerable man supplied his pulpit, whose preaching was of the same evangelical character. He took

for his morning text, the words, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

The sermon reminded Ellen of the second she had heard from Mr. Orville, and very earnestly did she desire that the Lord would enable her to see more and more of divine truth, and that the Spirit of truth would teach her to apply it to her heart and practice. The text of the afternoon was, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." In speaking of the duty of implicit confidence and unshaken trust in the Lord, the venerable minister compared it to the confidence which a little child feels in its earthly parents. "Our Lord," continued this aged Christian, who seemed to be a living exemplification of the duty he was enforcing, "our Lord has said, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. This trust in the Lord, friends, this leaning upon

divine strength, is one of the child-like dispositions we must acquire. Seest thou that infant in its mother's arms? How instinctively it looks to her for a supply of all its little wants. Look at that little child, led by the hand of a careful father; that child is ignorant of the dangers of the way; left to itself for one single moment, it might be lost; but it leans upon its father, it constantly looks to him for aid and direction, and as constantly receives them. Such, my friends, should be your trust in your heavenly Father; such your simple dependence upon him; and then you will find the promise sure, He shall direct thy paths.

This subject was a peculiarly seasonable one to Ellen; for her heart frequently sunk when thinking of the trials that perhaps awaited her, and of her own weakness. She now felt as if she should exercise a filial confidence in the Lord in future.

To leave the school was a painful trial; it seemed a happier, more privileged spot this afternoon, than ever

before. Every word that was uttered by the Superintendent, or by her teacher, was not only heard with interest, but treasured up in her remembrance. Mrs. Leavitt took an affectionate leave of her. At the close of school, Mr. Morton bid her "good bye;" but said, he hoped to see her before many weeks, as business would call him into that neighbourhood, and he should try to pass a day with his friend, Mr. Newhall. This was good news for Ellen, and for a moment banished the tears which parting from her teacher had caused; but when she extended her hand to Caroline, and tried to say "farewell," they again flowed.

In her uncle's remarks that evening he said much to encourage and strengthen her in the path of duty; and then turning to Charles, tenderly and anxiously exhorted him to delay no longer, to choose that good part which should never be taken from him. Charles was considerably affected by his uncle's solemn appeal,

but as yet no radical change had taken place in the temper of his heart.

The next morning the family assembled at an early hour, and united in their usual devotional exercises. At the request of Catharine, the following hymn was sung.

'Tis hard for friends to part,
When heart is join'd to heart
In bonds of love that sunder never,
United by that tie
Of Christian sympathy,
Which neither earth nor time can sever.

But though our hearts may sigh,
And tears may fill each eye,
And though with grief our bosoms swell,
Yet, when thou bid'st, dear Lord,
Without a murmuring word,
To each lov'd friend we'll say, farewell.

Our love is still the same,
A never-dying flame,
Which oft shall rise to heav'n in prayer;
Oft shall our spirits meet
Around thy mercy-seat,
And hold endear'd communion there.

And if on earth no more,
Yet when our journey's o'er,
In heav'n we hope to meet again;
And there unite to raise
A sweeter song of praise
To Him, who ever more shall reign.

Charles was to go in the stage, while Mr. Selwyn accompanied Ellen in a chaise. Their parting was sad. Little Frances, especially, could hardly be reconciled to parting with "dear cousin Ellen," till reminded by one of her sisters of the petition in her prayer, "Thy will be done." Many were the assurances of affection which passed between the cousins; and promises were exchanged of a frequent correspondence. Frances said, she should try very hard to write well, that she too might write a letter to Ellen.

Charles was to go first. Before the stage came for him, Ellen sought opportunity for a few moment's conversation with this beloved brother. She tenderly pressed upon him his obligations to remember his Creator. He promised her most seriously that he would attend to this subject, and read his Bible more than he had done.

The chaise was at the door, and the last farewell given. Ellen was hastily handed into it by her uncle, while "you will write soon," was repeated

again and again by Catharine and Harriet.

The travellers had a safe and pleasant journey, were kindly welcomed by their instructers and former companions, and soon engaged again in their studies. Still, their thoughts often returned to the dear friends they had left; and many of my readers may be pleased to see the following Correspondence which passed between them and their cousins.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

Ellen to Catharine.

Dear Catharine,

After a tolerably pleasant ride, saddened, however, by the remembrance of those we had left, we arrived here in safety about five o'clock.

Miss Selby gave us a very kind reception. Miss Drummond, the assistant teacher, and most of the girls have returned to the school. Anna Dunbar, whom you have frequently heard me mention, is again my room-mate; she is very amiable, and I love her better than ever.

Your dear papa staid to tea, and then left us with the promise of calling again in the morning. It was very hard parting with him; his instructive remarks on the journey, I hope will be long remembered with profit.

O Catharine, you know not how very dear you all are to me, nor how painful it was to part with you this morning. I thought much of the lines in the hymn,

"Yet when thou bid'st, dear Lord,
Without a murm'ring word,
To each lov'd friend we'll say, farewell—"

and tried to keep down every murmuring thought, but I could not refrain from weeping; I hope these tears did not flow from sinful and rebellious feelings.

After I have seen my uncle in the morning, and he is actually gone, I shall feel still worse, I fear, than I do now, but I think it is the desire of my heart to say, *Father, thy will be done.* Pray for me, my dear cousin, that I may be resigned to all his will, and that I may be enabled to perform all the duties which are now incumbent upon me. And do not forget Charles; I hope Henry will write to him soon. If I could only see this dear brother truly serious, I think I should be quite happy.

I could write you much more, but it is near our usual hour for retiring. My next letter will be to Harriet. Give my love to all the family, and to Miss Morton.

Yours, dear Catharine, most affectionately,

ELLEN.

LETTER II.

Catharine to Ellen.

Dear Ellen,

We were made very glad by the reception of your letter. My dear father's return is always welcome, after a short absence; but it was peculiarly so now, that we might hear from you.

We shared your sadness the day you left us. Harriet and poor little Frances were crying every time I looked at them; and with all the fortitude I could assume, I found it difficult to avoid following their example, even in school. But while it is right that we should love each other, and feel pain at the separation, we must not indulge grief in such a manner, as to unfit us for the performance of any duty.

We have much, my dear cousin, to be thankful for. The Lord has been very gracious to us; and in what way can we show our gratitude better, than by trying to do good to others? You recollect what the Psalmist has said, "My goodness extendeth not to thee; but to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight!" And our Lord said to his disciples, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

You have a wide field of usefulness before you, dear Ellen. If you have learned the preciousness of religion yourself, I trust you will be disposed, both by precept and example, to recommend it to others. I feel much interested in your friend Anna, and hope the Lord will enable you to be useful to her.

Henry has been expecting a letter from Charles; if it does not come soon, he will write first. Caroline sends an affectionate remembrance. I believe Julia is writing to you. Harriet is quite impatient for her promised letter; she sends a great deal of love, as do all the family, and none more, than

Your truly affectionate

CATHARINE.

LETTER III.

JULIA TO ELLEN.

My dear Ellen,

I promised to write you soon, and fulfil the promise with pleasure; but as Catharine has probably written about lighter matters, I shall make no apology for beginning at once a serious letter.

You hope, my dear cousin, that during your visit at this place, your mind was enlightened by the Spirit of truth, to see your situation as a sinner; and that by the exercise of repentance and faith, you have taken refuge in the only ark of safety;—that you have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and resolved in the divine strength henceforward to devote yourself to Him who loved you, and gave himself for you. If this is really the case, you have much reason for gratitude, much for deep humility. Feeling your own weakness, you will be continually "looking unto Jesus" for strength. Be much, my dear friend, in the exercise of prayer; read the word of God, with the earnest desire, that he would open your eyes to behold the wondrous things of his law; keep a watch over your own spirit. If I were to judge from our short acquaintance, I should think you were peculiarly tempted to the indulgence of a morbid and dangerous sensibility, which magnifies the real evils of life, and creates imaginary causes of sorrow. Habits of active usefulness furnish, perhaps, the best antidote to this excess of feeling,—feeling, which is very apt to become selfish, unless under the constant guidance of religious principle.

When you are inclined to regret any thing in the circumstances of your lot, or to be dissatisfied with your situation, engage, if possible, in some plan of doing good to others. I am quite sure, my dear Ellen, that you will require no apology for these hints. My near relationship and the deep interest I feel in all that concerns you, lead me to use great plainness in guarding you against a fault, to which your natural disposition, and circumstances as an orphan, may peculiarly expose you. Permit me to request, dear cousin, that you will be equally plain in mentioning any faults, you may have noticed in me. My being a few years older than yourself, must not excuse you from this duty.

Catharine is very anxious that you should be useful, in a religious sense, to the young ladies who attend school with you. I wish it equally; but think more, perhaps, of the difficulty of the undertaking. It will require great caution, great prudence and kindness on your part, not to disgust them by forcing a subject on their attention, so new, as I fear religion is to the most of them. You will, however, be guided and directed in the right way, if you truly seek such direction. Be careful, dear cousin, that your example shall constantly enforce the duties of piety. Let the alteration in your views on these subjects be seen in your altered conduct. If a tendency to despondency and dejection has been a former fault, let it be seen that religion is making you more cheerful; that, while it is preparing you for a state of future enjoyment, it is also promoting your happiness in this world.

But I forget that I am writing you too long a letter, for the first.

That the Lord may be with you, and bless you, is the constant prayer of your

Friend and Cousin,

JULIA.

LETTER IV.

Ellen to Harriet.

My dear Cousin,

I hasten to fulfil my promise of writing to you. I received your sisters' letters last week, and shall answer Julia's now; Catharine must wait a little longer. Dear Harriet, I think much of you, and of the beloved circle I have left. Every member of it is dear to me. I should like to be with you this evening, singing one of those hymns you used to enjoy so much; but this cannot be for many months. There is, however, one place where we can meet every day. When you say, "Our Father," will you not often think of Ellen?

I should like to introduce you to some of my school-fellows. Miss Dunbar, who sleeps in the same room with me, is a lovely girl. I do not think her parents are pious, or that she has had much religious instruction, but she does not laugh at serious things, and has consented to read the Bible with me morning and evening; and we unite in prayer together. I do not mean that she prays audibly, but she kneels, and is very still and solemn. It would be very pleas-

ant if this dear companion should become truly pious.

Give my love to Catharine; I will answer her letter soon. Tell Frances, I think of her every day, and pray that she may be a good child, and grow in knowledge and piety as she increases in years.

Your affectionate Cousin,

ELLEN.

LETTER V.

Ellen to Julia.

Many thanks, dear Julia, for your kind and valuable letter. Continue thus to watch over and advise me, and though I dare not say I shall profit by your counsel as I ought, I am sure, I shall be grateful for it. I think I can adopt the beautiful language of Dr. Watts,

> "O may the righteous, when I stray,
> Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
> Their gentle words, like ointment, shed,
> Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
>
> When I behold them press'd with grief,
> I'll cry to Heaven for their relief;
> And by my warm petitions prove
> How much I prize their faithful love."

Excuse me for so long a quotation; I knew not where to stop.

My situation has been pleasanter, since my return to school, than I expected. I meet with no serious opposition from my companions. Some of the gayest of them smile sometimes,

and say I have become very religious, but they all treat me with kindness. I have not yet said a great deal to them on serious subjects. Catharine may think me too timid; but I am so ignorant, and so fearful of saying something wrong, that I feel the necessity of being very cautious. I pray daily for wisdom to direct, and hope I shall have opportunities for trying to interest some of my young friends in the subject, which now seems to me more important than any other. I have been much less reserved with Anna Dunbar, than with the other girls. She is with me more, and to her I have spoken freely of the change in my feelings. She has heard me with attention, and says frequently she wishes that she was pious. For a few days she has read the Bible much, and I hope she will become more and more interested in its truths.

Dear cousin, I trust you will often remember this school, and pray, that, feeble and unworthy as I am, I may be made the instrument of doing good to some of these beloved companions.

Again I thank you, dear Julia, for the very kind manner in which you have pointed out one of my faults. I think I have become more cheerful, and am much less inclined to look on the dark side of things, than formerly. My heart used to be very sad and desolate, when I thought but little about that kind and gracious Being, who has done so much for me.

Your obliged and grateful Cousin,

ELLEN.

LETTER VI.

Henry to Charles.

Dear Charles,

You promised to write to me very soon after your return to school; but, though I have been waiting almost two weeks for a letter, none has come. Ellen has written three letters to my sisters in that time. But I will not spend any more time in complaints, as I hope you will do better in future.

Charles, you remember the walks we have taken together, the Sabbath School we attended, and the many opportunities you had while here, of learning your duty. You remember your promises, that you would seek the Lord. Have you fulfilled these promises? Are you seeking his favour and esteeming it more valuable than any thing else? Dear cousin, I cannot help urging these inquiries on you, for I fear you have never considered this subject seriously enough. Perhaps, you think religion will make you gloomy, and deprive you of those amusements you now enjoy. Depend upon it, you mistake; it will deprive you of no rational amusement. Serious boys can play, as well as others, at proper times; and they are happy at all times. Do be persuaded, to enter on that service which is perfect freedom, and to prepare for a useful life.

From your friend and Cousin,

HENRY.

LETTER VII.

Ellen to Charles.

Dear Brother,

I have been expecting to hear from you first, but as I know you are not a very punctual correspondent, I shall not wait any longer for a letter. I do not think boys like letter-writing so well as girls do. I have had letters from both Julia and Catharine, and hope you have heard from Henry by this time. Do listen, dear brother, to his serious and affectionate counsels. The first wish of my heart would be gratified, if I could see you in all respects like Henry. You are as kind, as amiable, and as obliging, but, my dear Charles, I fear your motives are not the same,—that while he tries to do all to the glory of God, you frequently act from impulse, or from a regard to your friends, or your own pleasure. Is it not so, dear brother? O, that we could both learn to regard the Lord in all that we do; to repent of all our past sinfulness, and trust his grace for the future! Charles, I have told you how our dear mother used to pray herself, and teach me to pray, when a very little child; and when she died, and you were a babe in the nurse's arms, and I was standing by her bed, I am sure she prayed for both of us. If the spirits of the departed look down upon this earth, shall we not rejoice the heart of this beloved parent by devoting ourselves to the service of our Creator? Do, dear brother, let me hear that you have chosen that good part which shall never be taken from you.

Your truly affectionate Sister,

ELLEN.

LETTER VIII.

Charles to Henry.

Dear Henry,

I received your letter and one from Ellen the same day, and both on the old subject. They made me feel rather uncomfortable for a short time, till a good game at foot-ball drove all these uneasy thoughts away.

You are right, Henry; I do think religion would make me very dull, and unfit me for those amusements which I now enjoy so heartily. To be sure, you are cheerful; but I should never be, if I were to think much of the subjects you urge upon me. Besides, there is not one serious boy in our school; and what a simpleton they would think me, if I were all the time reading the Bible, and pretending to be religious. I wish you and Ellen would not say so much to me about it; it does no good. When I was with you, I used sometimes to think religion important; but now, with such a set of rare fellows about me, I feel very different. I do not want to grieve you, Henry, but indeed, your letter has vexed me, and I wish you would write about something else.

Do not show this letter to any of your friends, lest they should think me a sad fellow. I do not know what to say to Ellen,—she would cry her eyes out, if I were to write to her as I have to you.

Your Cousin,

CHARLES.

LETTER IX.

Charles to Ellen.

Dear Sister,

I was glad to hear from you, but should have liked your letter much better if it had not been so dull, and if you had not seemed to prefer Henry Selwyn to me. Henry is a good boy, and I like him, but I shall never resemble him much. Ellen, I have tried to be serious, but it will never do. I hate affectation, and it does not come natural to me, to put on a long face. I read the Bible some, but, to tell the truth, I do not find any pleasure in reading it. It makes me feel gloomy, and takes away all my comfort. Religion will do well enough for girls, and for those boys who expect to be ministers, and will have to pray and preach all their days; but I am sure it would sit very awkward on me. You know I could never be serious long at a time. I did not mean, dear Ellen, to write any thing that would give you pain; but I cannot say what I do not think; and the truth is, I feel less interested in religion than when we parted. While at my uncle's, his prayers, and Henry's preaching, made me rather serious sometimes; but here, all my companions are gay. But whatever else I may be, believe me, dear sister, I shall always remain your

Affectionate Brother,

CHARLES.

LETTER X.

Harriet to Ellen.

Dear cousin Ellen,

I was very glad of your letter, which I had been looking for several days. I shall not be able to write a very long answer, as most of my time, when out of school, is occupied in getting lessons. Frances and I talk about you every day, dear cousin, and so do the other girls and mamma. We take the same walks that we used to when you were here, but they do not seem so pleasant now. We already begin to count the weeks before we shall see you again.

Henry has had a letter from Charles, but he seemed very dull after reading it, though he said Charles was well. I cannot think why he should be so sad. I am sure Catharine and Julia are always glad when they get a letter, and I was so rejoiced, I wanted to show mine to every body in the house. Do you know, cousin Ellen, that yours is the first letter I ever received from out of town, except from papa and mamma when they have been absent?

I do not think that Charles sent his love to any one; Henry never mentioned that he did. Poor Frances was quite disappointed; I wish you would write to him, that we do not think him very polite.

Our Society met on Saturday; all the members were present, and a great deal of work was done; so that all the children from these poor families were able to attend school last Sabbath.

Frances worked so hard, that she pricked her finger, till it was quite sore; but she said she

did not mind that, as long as the poor children could go to meeting.

Frances says I must give her love, and when she is a little older, she will write to you herself.

Your Cousin,

HARRIET.

[As the above letters will be sufficient to throw some light on the different characters of our young friends, and as this little work is drawing to a close, the selections from the remainder of the correspondence will be more limited, and confined chiefly to the letters of Ellen and Catharine.]

LETTER XI.

Catharine to Ellen.

Dear Ellen,

Though my last letter remains unanswered, I am again employed in writing to you, as I have something to communicate which I think will give you pleasure.

Mr. Morton passed last evening here, and in the course of conversation with papa, mentioned, that in a few weeks he expected to visit Mr. Newhall, and hoped to see you. He then inquired if you attended the Sabbath School. On being told that you would like to go very much, but were afraid that your Instructress would not consent, and even if she did, would feel rather awkward at going alone, as you were a stranger to Mr. Newhall and to all the teachers, Mr.

Morton proposed that papa, as your guardian, should write to Miss Selby, and request her permission for you to attend. If this was granted, he said he should be happy to introduce you to Mr. Newhall; and if there was not already a class of young ladies of your age in the school, he should advise Mr N. to lose no time in forming one. After Mr. Morton was gone, my father said, I had better write and propose the plan to you before it was mentioned to Miss Selby.

And now, dear Ellen, let us unite our thanksgivings to the kind Providence, who seems about to grant your ardent desire to attend Sabbath School again.

Harriet and Julia received your letters safely; Julia sends love and thanks, and will write soon. Harriet devoted most of her leisure yesterday to writing; she did not like to receive any assistance; and as she is not much used to it, found writing a letter rather a serious task.

Write, dear Ellen, as soon as possible, what you wish papa to do.

Your affectionate

CATHARINE.

LETTER XII.

Ellen to Catharine.

Dear Catharine,

Your letter of last evening contained very grateful intelligence. I hasten to reply, though I have time this morning for only a very short

note. Tell my dear uncle that he could not oblige me more than by requesting Miss Selby's permission for me to attend the Sabbath School.

It will give me much pleasure to see Mr. Morton. How kind it was in him to make this suggestion! But, while thankful to earthly friends for the prospect of enjoying so unexpected a privilege, I do not forget where my gratitude is chiefly due. I shall write you a good long letter soon; in the mean time, do not wait for me, but write every opportunity.

In haste, your affectionate Cousin,

ELLEN.

LETTER XIII.

Catharine to Ellen.

Dear Ellen,

My father received a very polite note from Miss Selby last evening, stating that it would be perfectly agreeable to her for you to attend the Sabbath School, if it was his wish; that she had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Newhall, but had heard him spoken of as a very worthy man, and had no doubt you would find an attendance on the school, both pleasant and profitable. Mr. Morton was in soon after, and mentioned that he should go on Monday. He is never absent from the school, if he can possibly avoid it; but almost always arranges his business so as to leave town early in the week, and return before the Sabbath. He has prom-

ised to call the morning he goes, and take letters from us. Frances has a rose bud almost blown, on the little bush that she was cultivating with so much care, when you were here. She says she shall ask Mr. Morton to carry it to you, and if it is a little withered, she knows you will value it.

The family, and I believe all your acquaintance here, are well. Caroline Morton is as amiable, and as active as usual. She frequently requests to be remembered when we write to you.

The School has increased very much this summer; the members of our new Society not only provide clothing for the children, but feel it incumbent on them to assist Caroline in finding scholars.

As the Society meets this afternoon, and the hour is approaching, I must close.

Yours most affectionately,

CATHARINE.

LETTER XIV.

Ellen to Catharine.

Dear Catharine,

Mr. Morton called on Monday evening, and handed your letter and the rose bud. Tell dear Frances, I thank her for the latter; though a little faded, it was still very fragrant; I shall preserve it very carefully as a memento of her affection.

I was quite delighted to see Mr. Morton. The next morning he called again and introduced Mr. Newhall. The appearance and manners of Mr. N. are very pleasing; he is younger than Mr. Morton, but very kind and social. He requested permission from Miss Selby for me to take tea at his house that afternoon, which was readily granted. I found Mrs. Newhall a very pleasant, interesting woman. They have only one child, a little girl of two years. Mr. Newhall remarked, that he had no scholars of my age now, but hoped to form a class soon, and in the mean time, if I was willing to enter one of the present classes, he should be glad to have me. I had no hesitation in deciding to go next Sabbath. If the girls with whom I may be placed are younger than myself, I dare say they will prove better Bible scholars.

Mr. Morton proposed that if a class of young ladies could be induced to attend, Mrs. Newhall should take charge of it, as her little girl is now old enough to leave; and she very readily agreed to this, if Mr. N. could not find a better teacher. I think I should like this lady very much for a teacher. When the proposed class is formed, I hope Anna, and several of the other girls will attend.

Next Sabbath, Mr. Newhall has engaged to call me. I shall feel some embarrassment in attending a new school among entire strangers; but if the teacher is as pleasant as the Superintendent, this will soon wear off.

Harriet expressed some surprise at Henry's appearing so dull, after hearing from Charles. But if Charles wrote to him, as he did to me, I

do not wonder at his being unhappy. The seriousness, which he occasionly manifested during the vacation, seems to be wholly gone. I at first hesitated about mentioning the character of his letter, even to you; but as my uncle is his Guardian, and, perhaps will feel it his duty to remove him from a school where he is surrounded by unprincipled associates, I shall inclose his letter. I have sealed it, and if my uncle thinks it would be wrong in me to show it, he can return it in the same state. If he should reside in your family, and attend the same school with Henry, I should hope every thing for him. I answered his letter as well as I could, but I fear my tears rendered the writing illegible. Ask Henry not to be discouraged; if we can do nothing else, we must pray for him. If my father's will was so explicit, that Charles cannot be removed from his present school, ask my uncle to write to him, and warn him of the dreadful danger he is in, while slighting and neglecting religion. He is dearer to me than ever, but I cannot think of his present situation without much apprehension.

Your affectionate Cousin,

ELLEN.

LETTER XV.

CATHARINE TO ELLEN.

I hasten to reply, dear Ellen, to your last. I gave your letter, together with the inclosed, to my father; and he says he will take immediate

measures for removing Charles at the end of the present quarter, from the dangerous society in which he seems to be placed. He has long been dissatisfied with the school, but has felt hitherto bound by your father's request; but as he, of course, wished Charles to be continued there, only so long as it would be for his good, papa says he feels justified in removing him. He will write to Charles, and give him his choice of coming here, at the end of the present term, or of going to another school, where the Instructer is very pious.

Mr. Morton gave us a very good account of you. He says Mrs. Newhall concluded before he left, to invite some young ladies of her acquaintance to attend immediately; and, that he thinks it probable the new class was formed last Sabbath. You must write me some account of it.

Yours in haste,

CATHARINE.

LETTER XVI.

Ellen to Catharine.

My dear Friend,

I have attended Mr. Newhall's Sabbath School twice, and have great reason to be thankful for the privilege. Anna accompanied me the first Sabbath; three other young ladies came with Mrs. Newhall, so that we made a class of five. Mrs. N. instructs the class in a

very interesting manner. She is indeed a lovely woman.

The general character of the school is not, perhaps, so good as Mr. Morton's; but the Superintendent seems much engaged, and I trust it will improve. If I had never attended yours, I should have thought this school very interesting. Anna is delighted with it; I hope this dear friend is becoming every day increasingly serious. When I go into the chamber unexpectedly, I frequently find her reading the Scriptures, sometimes with tears. I have long wished that she had some serious friend qualified by age and experience, to advise her. This friend, she will now find in her Sabbath School teacher. I had almost forgotten to say, that the second Sabbath, two of the other girls accompanied Anna and myself. Though much less interested than she is, they seemed pleased, and I think will continue to attend. Mr. Newhall said he hoped it would be necessary to divide the class soon.

I wrote to my uncle immediately on receiving your last, to thank him for his kindness to Charles. If I ever felt truly thankful to the Lord, it was when I learned that there was a prospect of this dear brother's being removed from his present situation, and placed where his religious privileges will be so great.

With most affectionate regard to all the family, I am, dear Catharine,

Truly yours,

ELLEN.

LETTER XVII.

CATHARINE TO ELLEN.

My beloved Ellen,

My father has received a letter from Charles, in answer to the one he sent him, expressing a willingness to leave his present school, and a desire to come here, in preference to going to another boarding school. I thought you would be glad to hear this, and have taken the earliest opportunity to communicate it.

I am much gratified with your account of the school, and of the gradual and pleasing change in Miss Dunbar.

My dear Ellen, how much better has the Lord been to you, than your fears. You anticipated many difficulties which you have not met with; you sighed after privileges which you thought unattainable, but they have been granted. Let this teach you, dear cousin, never to distrust the goodness of your heavenly Father. The Bible says, "They that seek the Lord, shall not want any good thing;" and as he only knows what is really good for us, why should we not trust in him with unwavering confidence at all times?

There have been some changes in Mr. Morton's school lately. Several new classes have been formed, and some of the eldest scholars in our class taken as teachers. I am now the oldest left, and though I should be glad to be useful to others, I think I should tremble, and almost beg to be excused, if it were my turn to leave a class where I have so many opportunities

for acquiring valuable information, and assume the responsibility of instructing others. But it is best not to anticipate difficulties; I may be allowed to remain quietly where I am, for many months longer.

My parents, brothers, and sisters send love.

Your affectionate

CATHARINE.

LETTER XVIII.

Ellen to Catharine.

Dear Catharine,

I thank you for your last letter. The intelligence respecting Charles was welcome. I had a letter from him a few days before, mentioning the reception of your father's, and saying he should prefer being with Henry to going any where else, if the latter would not say so much to him on religious matters. I do not think the mind of Charles is at ease on these subjects; he seems to me to be struggling against conviction; but I shall hope the best when he is under my uncle's immediate care, and the constant companion of Henry.

The school continues as interesting as when I last wrote. There are new scholars almost every Sabbath. Mrs. Newhall's class is divided: I do not know the name of the lady who has a part of it, but she looks very amiable.

I find the Library very valuable. Mr. Newhall has taken a great deal of pains in the selec-

tion of books. I think I heard him say to Mr. Morton, that he read every book himself, carefully and critically, before admitting it to the library. I have been much interested in a little book, entitled "Christian Martyrs," published by the American Sunday School Union. It gives an account of the sufferings, which some of the early Christians endured rather than deny their Lord. The story of Perpetua deeply affected me. I suppose all the facts related in this book are familiar to you, but many of them were new to me. This beautiful verse is quoted—

"If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me."

Do you know what hymn the above lines are taken from?

Your affectionate Cousin,
ELLEN.

LETTER XIX.

Catharine to Ellen.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, dear Ellen, that Charles is with us, and that he seems very serious; I do not think he is happy. He said to Henry, the evening he came, that he was sorry for having written the letter which Harriet alluded to some months since; and was heartily glad that he had left that school, and

should be no longer exposed to the influence of evil example. I think we have much reason to hope the best; Henry is more interested for him than ever, and my parents, as you will know, will regard him as their own child. He attended the School last Sabbath, and means to go constantly; he appeared very serious all day, and, I thought, was weeping once while at church. Pray for him much, dear Ellen, but do not be anxious; I trust that you will yet see him all that you wish.

The hymn which you mention is in the selection called "Village Hymns." The writer's name is "Haweis." I do not think the other verses quite as pretty as the one you quote—I shall copy it for you, however.

"O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning, on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

The hour is near—consign'd to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry—remember me."

The third verse, you perceive, is altered a little as quoted in "Christian Martyrs."

Henry unites with the rest of the family in requesting to be remembered to you. He will write himself very soon.

Very sincerely yours,

CATHARINE.

LETTER XX.

Charles to Ellen.

My very dear Sister,

You have heard from Catharine of my arrival here, and I am sure you will rejoice that I again share the privileges which I so much abused when here before.

Dear Ellen, I have not fully opened my heart to you since we parted; but, indeed, I feel very sorry for the unkind and wicked letters, which I sent you and Henry soon after my return to school. I have never felt happy since. Something told me I was doing wrong at the moment of writing them. I knew religion was important, but I tried to think I could do without it. For some time after, I wrote to you and to Henry as little as I could, because I was unwilling to confess that I was wretched, and, I could not appear careless and indifferent, as I had done. I sometimes fear that the Lord will not pardon my guilt, nor grant me the influences of his Spirit now, when I have resisted them so long. Forgive me, dear sister, all the grief I have caused you, and pray that I may be forgiven by my heavenly Father. I have been a prod-

igal son, but it is my desire to return to him. If I had listened to the voice of instruction when I was here before, I should have been in a different state now.

May the Lord have mercy on

Your unworthy Brother,

CHARLES.

LETTER XXI.

Ellen to Charles.

Dear Brother,

Your last letter made me happier than any one I ever received from you, as it gave me reason to hope that if you have been a wandering and prodigal child, as you justly call yourself, you are now a repenting and returning one. Go to the blessed Saviour, dear brother, and he will receive you: His language is, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Trust not in your repentance, in your good resolutions for the future, nor in any thing but in Him. Resign yourself entirely to him, praying that he would make you one of his own dear children, that he would teach you what he would have you do, and work in you of his own good pleasure, both to will and to do.

From the dear friends with whom you now reside, you will receive far better counsel than I can give. Confide all your feelings to my uncle and aunt; they will be kind and faithful advisers.

We can neither of us be thankful enough for

that goodness, which has placed you so unexpectedly in a situation where every facility is afforded for becoming "wise unto salvation."

Be thankful, dear brother; be also humbled; and in the dust adore that mercy, which, I trust, is taking you from the horrible pit and miry clay, and placing your feet on the ROCK OF AGES.

Very affectionately, your Sister,

ELLEN.

CONCLUSION.

For several months after the date of the last letter, Ellen continued to hear from her cousins the most encouraging accounts of her brother. Every week gave increasing evidence, that the light which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, had already dawned upon his mind.

Her letters to Charles, and to her cousins, described the peace and happiness of her own mind, and the gradually increasing seriousness of her friend, Miss Dunbar.

At the commencement of the winter vacation, Ellen returned to her uncle's, and passed several happy weeks in the society of her beloved friends. The alteration in Charles was as perceptible, as it was happy. He was no longer the gay, thoughtless boy, he had formerly been; but humble, penitent, and serious. It was now his first desire to know, that he might do, the will of his Father in heaven. United as the Orphans were by the ties of relationship and affection, a nearer, dearer bond of union was now furnished by their mutual interest in "those things which are unseen and eternal."

And here we shall leave them, with the ardent prayer, that all our young readers, like these Orphan Children, may early choose that good part which shall never be taken from them.

END.

CORNHILL
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOK-STORE,

SIGN OF WASHINGTON'S HEAD.

JAMES LORING, at the Cornhill Sabbath School Book-Store, No. 132 Washington-Street, has just replenished his stock of Juvenile Books, with the publications of the American Sunday School Union, which he offers at the same rates as they are sold at the Union depositories. Regular supplies of new books suited for Sabbath School Libraries are received from various publishers in the United States, which are also offered at very cheap prices. Within a few years he has published upwards of 50,000 copies of books adapted for this purpose, and intends pursuing the business so long as public patronage is extended.

Narratives of Hindoo Converts.
The Pilgrim of India. By Mrs. Sherwood.
The Hindoo Traveller. By Mrs. Sherwood.
Choice Gems for Children.
Guilty Tongue.
The Young Jewess, a Narrative.
The Banks of the Irvine.
Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's Best Interests.
Reciprocal Duties of Parents and Children.
Practical Hints to Young Females.
Watts on the Mind, with Questions.
Edwards on Religious Affections.
Beautiful Vine, and other Sketches.
Familiar Letters between a Mother and her Daughter at School. By Mrs. and Miss Taylor.
Village School.
Mason's Self Knowledge.
Elizabeth Palmer, or Display. By Jane Taylor.
Youth's Casket, or Teacher's Present. By Mrs. Sherwood.
Rainsford Villa.
Snow's New Testament Spelling-Book.
James Somers, the Pilgrim's Son.
Story of Jack Halyard.
Orphans of Normandy. By Mrs. Sherwood.
Jane and her Teacher.
George Wilson and his Friend.
Nott's Religious Scenes.
Christian Father's Present.
Catherine Brown, the Indian.
Sunday School Teacher's Guide.
Anna Ross.
Memoir of Miss Sinclair.
Choice Pleasures for Youth.
Mother's Portrait.
Walks of Usefulness in London.
Sketch of My Friend's Family.
Profession is not Principle.
The Decision, or Religion must be all, or is nothing.
Picturesque Piety. By I. Taylor.
Female Sunday School Teacher.
Italian Convert.
Lily Douglas.
The Catechist.
Jane Taylor's Memoirs.
Ayah and Lady. By Mrs. Sherwood.
Memoirs of Elizabeth.
Spiritual Voyage.
Infant's Progress from the valley of destruction to everlasting glory. By Mrs. Sherwood.
Caroline Lindsay.
Rural Rambles.
Farmer's Daughter.
Bible Questions.
Lincoln's Scripture Questions.
Mary's Visit to Boston.
Harriet and her Cousin.
Thornton on Repentance.
Helen of the Glen.
Little Henri, the Lost Child.
Nina, an Icelandic Tale.
Warning and Example.
Young Convert's Apology.
Lottery Ticket. A Tale.
Peaceful Valley.
Factory Girl.
Beauties of Fenelon.
Economy of Human Life.
Wisdom in Miniature.
Fenelon's Pious Reflections.
Pilkinton's Scripture History.
Hieroglyphic Bible.
Father Clement.
Hints on Nursery Discipline.
Seraphical Shepherd.
Is this Religion?
Brooke's Apples of Gold.
Innocent Poetry.
Visits to a Cottage.
In School and out of School
Adelaide Murray.
Pastor's Sketch Book.
Sherwood's Stories.
Providential Care.
Scripture Natural History
Happy Family.